

THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE



1910



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THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE

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VOL. XX

NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS, JUNE, 1910

Price, 15 cents

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

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EDITORIALS

AS the forty-fifth year of the school's existence draws to a close, a retrospect shows many grand things accomplished, while a prospect shows many grander things to be accomplished. During the years gone by the educational interests of our country have developed, and our school has grown with them as a part of the whole. New discoveries or new methods have called for constant improvements or change in methods in the school. New books have been supplied, new apparatus installed, and the latest and most approved methods of teaching employed, each successive year. The student, subsequently, has improved during the same period, and is now, we hope, well abreast of the times. But that is not enough, for, just as the world has changed each year in the past, so in the future we are naturally led to expect improvements, and on that account the school as well the student must show a constant advance. As the demands of the school have been met in the past, so shall we expect to see the difficulties obviated in the future. We

shall some day see great changes in the methods of the present time. Perhaps education will be of more material value. There will be a better opportunity given to develop the scientist and craftsman as well as the scholar. The conditions will some day be such that the student may step out into the world at graduation as a man equipped mentally and physically for his task.

But to meet these conditions the student himself must change. He must apply himself more diligently, and give less time to horseplay and more to work and wholesome fun. He must surmount obstacles greater than petty antagonisms, and he must consider himself a part of a system, not a disintegrate unit of a quarrelsome collection. Civilization and the wants of the world demand trained men. The sooner the student realizes this and settles down to really hard study, the better. Our High School is destined to continue, and to grow not only in size but in standard. The future promises well for the school, and the school, that is to say the student body, should promise well for the future.

When school opened last September, we found awaiting us, with two exceptions, the teaching staff of the previous year. Miss Pearl V. Copeland, who proved one of our most successful French and German teachers, had been called away to accept a more lucrative position. Miss Winifred C. Baker, Wellesley, '05, who had substituted here before, succeeded her. Miss Annie R. Bessom, our Latin teacher, had resigned also, and had been succeeded by Miss Bertha Munro, Boston University, '07. Miss Weise deserves great credit for resuming her duties on the very first day of school, since she had barely recovered from an operation for appendicitis.

Besides the usual interest taken in our work throughout the year, the teachers have helped in making our social events successes. The interest in the school, as a whole, including both our social and intellectual welfare, is a good thing, and is certainly appreciated by all of us. We take this opportunity to thank the staff for its interest and its work in our behalf.

At the beginning of the present school year a new arrangement of courses went into effect and a higher passing mark was also established. Both these changes greatly benefit the school. They compel strict adherence to unity of purpose. Ordinarily, a pupil entering high school does not know his own mind. He imagines that when he shall have become a Senior, then, and not till then, will he decide upon his future work. As a result, he fits himself for no particular college or position. The question then arises, as to whether his high school course has benefited him in any way. This is an age of specialization, and to succeed one must, to a greater or lesser extent, specialize. To this rule, the Freshman entering high school is no exception. He should adhere strictly to a fixed course of study. With this fact in view the new courses have been arranged. The entering Freshman no longer finds himself confronted with the problem of selecting, for his aim, a

particular college or business. He can select for his future work simply a business career or college. Then the proper course will guide him. Now that the opportunity is offered, the result depends upon his own efforts. He should "get into the swim," and work hard, with but one fixed goal before him. If he does this he will be sure to succeed, no matter whether he be in business or in a profession. Let every student take advantage of every opportunity offered him.

We are glad to announce that a play, given shortly before graduation by the pupils of the school, has become a fixture. Last year, on the evening of June 12th, a fine production of Shakespeare's "Midsummer's Night Dream" was presented, and met with the praise and approval of every one in attendance. The parts were finely taken, and the natural open-air setting, lighted by calcium lights kindly provided by Mr. William G. Moseley, added greatly to the picturesqueness and atmosphere of the comedy. On the evening of June 10th of this year, another Shakespearian play, "As You Like It," will be presented by the students. Many of the cast who presented last year's play will take part, and this alone speaks well for the success of the production. Miss Lilyan H. Lake is largely responsible for the great success of last year, and no praise can be too great for the zeal and skill which overlooked no detail.

The condition of athletics in the school has not of late kept pace with the other interests, since, during this year at least, there has been no baseball team. The school voted against one for two reasons,—lack of funds and lack of material. There is a third reason, however, which was not given, and which accounts largely for the other two; namely, a lack of interest. Lack of interest is an element which should not enter into our school in any form. It matters not whether it be in baseball, foot-

ball, or in track, enthusiasm should carry the burden. If interest is strong in one branch of athletics, that branch succeeds. All that baseball needs is a boost; then it will take care of itself. It can be seen readily that baseball is not a dead game in Needham. This alone points out the right road.

A new movement is on foot, here in town, to found a non-sectarian gymnasium, in which all can avail themselves of a good system of physical training. All the students in the school should do their best to further this movement. It will give the football and baseball men a chance for winter training. It will mean that the school can have a basket ball team, or, in fact, a number of teams. There should be at least two basket ball teams representing the school. Every one admits that a boys' team is a strong possibility. But why not have a girls' team? Girls in the neighboring high schools take the greatest interest in their own teams, and in our school there would be no exception. All over the country the tendency is to allow girls *more* healthful exercise, and a school that will not uphold this tendency is far behind the times. Our school, generally, advances, and seldom retrogrades. However, in order to maintain this record we must use discretion and foresight.

The year of 1910-11 promises brightly for athletics. The football team of the previous fall will return to school almost intact. Consequently, there is every reason to look for its success. With this success as a beginning, and with the aid of every student, athletics in the Needham High School should boom straight through the rest of the year.

It has been the intention of the editor to make this magazine a school paper,—a paper “published by the pupils of the Needham High School.” The more students who contribute, the more representative

will be the paper, and the better the training for the pupils. How far success has attended this maxim we will leave to the reader to judge.

During the winter and early spring a prize story contest was conducted. The winning stories, together with two others, will be found on the following pages. Attractive gold, silver, and bronze medals, stamped with the school seal were awarded to the respective prize winners. We take this opportunity to thank the gentlemen who very kindly consented to judge the contest for their time and trouble, both given *gratis*.

A new cover and several new cuts drawn by pupils now in school have replaced those of last year. Two new departments have been added which we think will make the magazine much more interesting. We hope that the general tone and appearance of the paper, which should have a greater influence in our school and in the town, may be such as to warrant its being published more than once each year.

For over a year the management of this magazine has been trying to procure a complete set of THE HIGH SCHOOL ADVOCATE. Thus far a nearly perfect series has been collected. However, there are still two copies lacking, namely Volume VIII, number one, published in December, 1897, and Volume XI, published in June, 1901. A standing offer of fifty cents apiece for either copy is now made, to be paid to the first person delivering one to the management.

The Needham High School acknowledges the gift of a “Hartl Optical Disc,” presented by the Advocate Board of 1909. Acknowledgment is also made of the gift of three telephone receivers, donated to the physical laboratory by H. Welsh, '12, and of a graphite crucible donated by P. F. Lesdernier, '10.

JUNE 1910



VICTORY

(AWARDED FIRST PRIZE)

OVER on Freezing Hole Mountain the moon was shining coldly. Below the wind-worn rocks of the peak glistened the snow. Snow had lain heavily for days on the limbs of the spruces and hemlocks down below the tree line. Now the wind was whipping the flakes from the dark, gaunt sentinels, and was driving it through the woods and then across the fields and over the frozen river. Flakes were drifting against the windows of a little house on the hillside. Inside a dark, low-studded room a little white pile was collecting at the crack of the door. Soon a tiny stream of clear water began to form and run across the well-worn floor. The dry birch log in the fireplace of blackened brick flamed up ruddily, snapping and crackling. As the log burned briskly, the rivulet increased, until, at last, having wound its way between two round braided rugs, it was stopped in its course by the bricks of the hearth, and spread out in a little glistening pond. The fire, fanned by a new draft of mountain air, burned brighter.

Disturbed from his place beside the hearth, a black, shaggy dog, with appealing eyes, rose stiffly and walked towards a high-backed chair before the fire, in which sat a bent figure. It

was that of an old man whose pure white hair flowed in shining locks over his temples and down over his shoulders. His smooth-shaven face had a benevolent, genial expression. In his hand he held a blackened clay pipe, and after each puff his chin almost touched his nose, for his mouth had known no teeth for years. He wore a homespun coat, dyed a butternut brown, and his trousers of the same material were wrinkled at the bottom from being tucked into stiff top-boots. On his feet were shabby green slippers with dull, unpolished buckles.

The fire crackled again, and the dog, whimpering, laid his head upon his master's knee. The old man stroked it tenderly, and the dog, seeming to feel their inseparable companionship, lay down before the hearth. A harsher gust fanned the fire. The birch log snapped and the flames roared up the chimney until the very rafters sang. The old man's eyes brightened. He straightened up, and, clutching the arms of the chair, gazed fixedly into the fire.

A drum was beating down in the valley below, and from the spire of the church, the bell rang clear. The old cannon on the hill above the

village boomed out its summons. A tall, fair-haired man with a blue kerchief about his neck was working in the field. At the first sound of the bell he dropped his fork-full of hay, and listened. Then he ran madly, fiercely, towards the house. Wrenching open the door, he rushed in, and then out again as quickly. With his flintlock gun in one hand, and his powderhorn flung hastily over his shoulder, he ran down the stage road and on towards the brick tavern about which the village clustered. A courier had just come in over the mountain from Bennington, with a message from Colonel Stark. The British were throwing up earth-works, and would soon advance upon the store-houses. All the men in the old Green Mountain state *must* respond.

It was unnecessary to say *must*, for already a company was forming on the plot of green before the smithy. The blacksmith himself, with his sledge in his hand, was giving orders like a true general. Men in motley farm costumes were coming in over every road. Before an hour had passed the company comprised every able-bodied man and boy for miles around. It was already time to start.

The courier, having rested and procured a fresh horse, now rode to the front of the little squad and waited, impatient to lead the way. The blacksmith proudly gave the order, the drum rolled, the fife played shrilly, and amid the farewell cheers of the wives and sweet-hearts the company marched off up the hill. As they passed the little house on the hillside a sweet-faced woman with a little boy tugging at her hand waved good by to the tall man with the blue kerchief about his neck.

On they marched through the dust and heat. The road was steep, rising almost perpendicularly, with few level places. It was mid afternoon before they stopped. Beside a little brook where the goldenrod and blue asters were just beginning to bloom, they threw themselves down to rest and drink. Every one was tired. Off to the north, through a break in the trees,

could be seen Freezing Hole Mountain with its dark blue sides and grayish peak.

All at once the stillness was broken by the sound of distant hoofbeats. Nearer and nearer they came, until, through the trees on the road above, a dusty rider came into view and bore down upon the startled company. Breathless, he stated his message. The British had made an attack, and Colonel Stark could barely hold out. If aid was coming, he must know of it without delay. Each one looked questioningly at his neighbor. How could they signal?

The tall, fair-haired man stepped forward. "Ef the pars'n ther'll let me hev his hoss, I'll *light the signal fire* on Freezin' Hol' Mountain before nine o'clock this evenin'."

Down back over the mountain road he galloped. Soon he turned off into a narrow path bordered by a young maple and beech growth. It was cooler here, but he did not notice it. He thought only of those men hurrying over the hills to Bennington whose aid would be too late if he failed to reach the mountain top. For several miles he followed the same path, once thinking of his steed enough to let him wade in a clear, boiling brook. Once he crossed a fern-covered pasture over which a little herd of startled cows ambled off in surprise. In spite of the impending danger, it was a peaceful day for them. At last he came out upon a main road. It was dusty and hot. He beat his horse into a gallop with the butt of his musket. On he went past scattered farmhouses and over rude log bridges beneath whose dark shadows the spotted trout were wont to lurk. Many times had he fished in these streams, and taken home a fine dinner for that little boy and that sweet-faced woman who was praying for him now.

The horse was tiring. His sides heaved spasmodically, and the white froth flew back from his nostrils. The rider galloped across another bridge, and then past a field of corn, which, curled and waving in the hot air, indi-

cated a habitation nearby. Soon, as the expected house came into view, he saw a horse tied to the fence before the door, and three men in faded, red coats, talking loudly. In a moment he took in the situation. They were Colonel Baum's men foraging. Without the slightest hesitation, he galloped straight back for the cornfield. He heard a shout, but dared not look. The crack of a musket sounded almost in his ears, and he urged his staggering horse over the ground still faster. He seemed to feel a stinging in his arm. He heard another bullet whistle overhead. He knew that it must be near, but he had almost reached the cornfield.

Another shot! His horse gave a bound, and stumbled to his knees, pitching him headlong upon the rough ground. Never stopping a moment, he rolled over, and gaining his feet, ran for the shelter. Reaching it, he rushed breathless between the crooked rows, the sharp leaves cutting his face, and the pollen dusting off into his eyes. For an hour he remained in hiding in the woods behind the field, and then crept out through some low bushes to the road, and ran doggedly on towards the mountain.

His arm pained him now. A warm stream of blood was trickling down and flying off his finger tips as he ran. His shoulder was stiffening, and soon he was obliged to walk. It was becoming dark and he must hurry.

Soon he came to the path up the mountain. How good it seemed to plunge in among the dark, cool spruces and hemlocks. The sun was setting. Red and fiery it glowed in the west. In his pain, as he saw the light through the tall, straight tree trunks, he thought that it must be the British burning the whole great forest. He was growing weaker, and could not move his arm at all now. His hand showed white beneath the coating of moist blood.

As he neared the tree line the timber became shorter. Soon he would be among the gray, bare rocks. His shoes, none too new, were now almost worn through.

Scarcely had the sun set before the moon began to rise, casting a sepulchral gloom over the weird mountain side. He could see the village and the lights shining in the anxious homes. How many were dependent upon him! He must hurry. He was now among great rocks and boulders. There was no path, and he could only stumble upwards. In his uninjured arm he carried a bundle of dry sticks which he had gathered in case there should be no signal pile at the summit. His left arm hung numb and stiff at his side. How could he go another step? Then he looked at the lights in the valley and at the pale pinkish glow in the west, and he almost ran.

The climb was becoming less steep. He must be nearing the top. At last he saw on the rocks above him a pile of sticks and logs. He ran over the rocks with his last remaining strength, throwing down the bundle of sticks, in mute relief. He caught his breath as if it were the first that he had taken for hours. Kneeling beside the pile he felt for his tinder box. Then he poured powder among the sticks. His head throbbed and his eyes were blurred so that he could not judge the amount. He struck the flint upon the steel. A spark flew, but missed the powder. He groped to see where the powder was. He struck the steel again. A blinding flash hurled him backwards over the rocks. The wood crackled and burned.

Then, with his face singed and bleeding, he rolled dizzily about until he became wedged between two huge boulders. Above him, he heard the fire roar and snap. Colonel Stark could see that fire. So could that brave little woman in the house on the hill. She would not imagine him to be up there on the mountain, but still she would think of him. Fanned by the wind, the fire roared like a torrent. It seemed to him that his whole side was burning. His breath came with an effort. The stars grew dim above him. Even the moon became pale and small. Before him, for an instant, he

seemed to see the blackened bricks of a fireplace, lighted by the dying embers of a fire.

Then he heard a dog moan in anguish and all was dark.

In the morning he sat with a fixed, calm smile of victory upon his pallid face. The cold wind blew his snow-white locks rudely about. Up into his speechless countenance the brown

eyes of the dog looked questioningly. *His* eyes did not open to answer. Upon the hearth a few gray ashes showed where the birch log had burned itself out. Beside the chair the blackened clay pipe lay broken. The little pond of water was quite dry. As the wind whistled down the chimney the dog howled. Then he lay down to wait.

FRED S. KINGSBURY

A QUEER CASE

(AWARDED THIRD PRIZE)

Professor Mark W. Winston, the well-known collector of curios, was found early this morning lying dead in his den. He had been shot through the brain, and was probably instantly killed. The weapon used was of an ancient make, being one of the many which he possessed. There is no possibility of suicide, as the pistol was found on his desk, while he was lying on the floor at least fifteen feet away. A large lamp which stood on his desk was found broken, and the pieces scattered on the floor.

LATER. James R. Wallcot, the prominent lawyer, has been arrested, charged with the murder of the late Professor Winston. It is claimed that he was in violent argument with the old man the night of the crime.

THIS startling announcement stared me in the face as I scanned the headlines of the *Morning Post*. I had heard of Professor Winston in a vague way, and had often thought of calling at Winston Hall, as I myself am interested in curios.

Who could have wished the death of this old gentleman? As I remember him, he was rather short, and seemed bent over with the weight of his knowledge. He had a kind and gentle face, and as he looked at you with his twinkling blue eyes, your heart went out to the old gentleman who had been pushed aside by the rising generation. To my recollection he had no enemies, and every one treated him with respect and kindness. He lived alone at Winston Hall, being a bachelor. He employed no servants outside of the housekeeper, a Mrs. Barnes, who treated him like a son. In short, his life had been so much one of peace

and contentment that I felt that the fiend who had snuffed out this feeble flame of life should without fail be caught and made to suffer severely.

I threw down the paper and turned to my coffee and rolls, which were fast growing cold. James R. Wallcot,—could that be the Wallcot who had set me up in business? I strode to my desk, and taking out a bundle of letters picked out one dated February 16, 18 —. and signed, James R. Wallcot, Attorney at Law, 673 Chanson Lane, London. That settled it. There could be no mistake. But he suspected of murder? Never! Even if he had been in a heated discussion with the professor that evening, was it necessary that he should have killed him? To be sure the police had to arrest some one, but they certainly had captured the wrong man. If possible I would prove it myself.

With this resolve in mind I pushed aside my unfinished breakfast, and taking my hat and stick, ran downstairs and hailed a cab, telling the cabby to drive to Winston Hall. The ride was rather long and I had plenty of time to think over the perplexing task before me. My best friend was suspected of murder, and I had vowed to clear him. Well, I would do my best and trust to fortune. In about a half an hour we drew up before a large brownstone house which was set well back from the street.

It was two stories and a half in height, and was surrounded by a thick hedge of bushy fir trees. After stepping out, and paying the cabby, I tried to enter the gate, which was guarded by two constables.

"No passing in, sir. I'm afraid you'll have to content yourself with peeking through the hedge."

At this I turned back a lapel of my coat, exposing to view a fake detective's badge which I had purposely pinned on before leaving home. Catching sight of this shiny piece of metal, the constable apologized, and saluting, let me pass on and up the long drive. The entrance to the Hall was guarded by a single officer, but putting on a business-like air, and showing my nickel-plated badge, I walked briskly past and into the spacious corridor of Winston Hall. At the end of this corridor a broad circular staircase ascended to the second floor. To the left was the spacious reception room, while on the right was the music room.

Entering the reception room I passed undisturbed out through another door into the dining-room, which was darkened. Here I discovered nothing of interest, and passed on and out into a small hallway. At the end of this hallway another constable was stationed, and from this fact I judged that beyond those heavy portières lay the scene of the crime. Again showing my badge, I pulled aside the heavy draperies, and stepped into the room. The window shades were down, giving a gloomy appearance to objects, but these were soon raised by the obliging constable who had stepped in after me.

What a wonderful room! It was oblong in shape, and had an immense hexagonal bay window overlooking the side lawn. On two sides of the room were shelves loaded with old vases and ancient pottery. The rest of the walls were adorned with countless queer-looking weapons. There were swords which might have been used by Cæsar's men, pikes which suggested Cromwell, and quantities of rifles, revolvers, single and double barreled pistols,

sabers, duelling rapiers, knives, stiletos, and, in short, almost every kind of a weapon conceivable since the time of the Phœnicians. In one corner of the room, near the bay window, was a large flat desk placed with its back to the wall and covered with books and papers. The rest of the furniture consisted of a large center table and a few chairs.

"A very queer room, sir," the constable broke in. "He must have thought a great deal of these things."

"You are right," I replied, recovering from my surprise. "It is a wonderful collection, and one to be prized, but where was Professor Winston when first discovered?"

"Right here, sir," was the answer, as the constable moved to a dark, repulsive stain on the floor about fifteen feet away from the desk, and slightly into the bay window.

"You see," he explained, "he was lying flat on his face, the bullet having entered the back of his head, causing instant death. Over there is his desk, at which he had evidently been sitting a short while before, for the light was found lit, and a half-finished letter was lying on his desk. It would have been impossible for any one to enter the room by way of the windows, because every night exactly at seven o'clock the professor closed and bolted the heavy shutters.

"Yes, it does seem impossible," I agreed, "that anybody could have entered, but how was the shot fired? Some one must have pulled the trigger. Where are the inspectors? Have they been here and investigated in so short a time? Where is Mrs. Barnes?"

"It's this way, sir," replied the constable. "The inspectors and the coroner have been here, and left only a short while ago. They moved the body and examined the room carefully, but arrived at no conclusion as to the murderer or the motive. The weapon used was an old relic, and had been loaded for some time. It was curiously made, for the trigger and hammer were of one piece of steel. The mechanism of

the hammer was evidently out of order since the weapon when found would not remain cocked."

With this explanation, the constable moved over to a chair and sat down, leaving me to examine the room at my ease. First I looked about me, hoping to find some trace of the murderer. But I met with no success, with the exception of finding on the desk a small round, wooden stick about a half an inch long and a quarter of an inch thick. It was whittled to a point, and had probably been used by the professor in the examination of his treasures. I dropped it into my pocket and thought no more of the incident. The pistol had been taken away together with the papers and documents. The large, old-fashioned lamp which had stood on the desk was broken, and the pieces were strewn about the floor. Upon glancing up I noticed a vacant place directly over the desk. It was about six feet from the floor, and was within easy reach of most any person. Most likely the pistol with which the deed had been done had once hung there. But how had the murderer known that the thing was loaded? At this point I decided to leave the scene of the crime, and if possible have a talk with Mrs. Barnes.

The constable informed me that she had gone to bed, unnerved by the terrible shock, but that it might be possible for me to talk with her through the speaking tube. In response to my call I heard a gentle but quavering voice, which indicated to me what a shock she had received.

"Did you hear the pistol shot," I asked.

"No sir," came back the reply. "You must understand that I am slightly deaf, and that the walls are very thick. Also that my room is quite distant from the den."

"Do you know why Professor Winston should leave his ancient pistols loaded?"

"It is rather queer. You see Professor Winston found that particular pistol in an old junk shop. It had seen many battles, as it was scarred and disfigured, and on this account, the master prized it above others. The thing was

loaded when he got it, and was so rusty that he could not draw the charge. The trigger was out of order, and he had some trouble adjusting it so that there would be no danger from an accidental discharge."

"Did you hear Mr. Wallcot when he left the house?"

"No, sir, I only heard a few angry words between the professor and the lawyer as I passed the head of the hall on my way to bed."

"Am very sorry, sir," broke in the constable at this point, "but I'm afraid you are tiring Mrs. Barnes."

At this hint I spoke a few cheering words to the housekeeper, and then, deep in thought, walked slowly out of the house to the street, where I secured a cab and was soon settled deep in an armchair at my rooms.

What a queer case it was to be sure! I knew Jimmy had never killed Professor Winston, and yet he had quarreled with him that night. Very much puzzled, I drew out the little piece of wood which I had found at Winston Hall. It was an ordinary piece of hawthorn and had been freshly cut. Wonderingly I turned it about in my hand. All of a sudden it came to me in a flash. There was the empty pistol on the desk; the vacant place on the wall; the broken lamp directly underneath; a small splinter of wood near it; and Professor Winston lying dead on the floor. Could it have been possible, I asked myself. Was this the explanation? Quickly I called up Scotland Yard, and in a couple of short sentences told them my suspicions. A few minutes later there were heavy steps on the stairs and in came the chief of police and two detectives. They had with them the old pistol with its refractory hammer. Wonderingly they sat down and then came an expectant calmness.

"Gentlemen," I said, "Professor Winston was killed by a bullet from this pistol which was fired from its position on the wall. The explanation is simple. As you have noticed in this pistol, a small catch inside which holds

the hammer at full cock is broken off. Therefore, in order to keep the hammer at full cock, a small plug must be inserted in the under side of the pistol, back of the trigger, thus jamming it and preventing its moving and firing the cartridge. As you can see, the small piece of wood which I have here exactly fits into the space back of the trigger, and holds the hammer firmly. Professor Winston had evidently believed that fixing the pistol in this way was safer than having the hammer rest or press against the shell. Of course this sounds foolish to you and to me, but who can fathom the whims of an old man. Now when the heat from the large lamp which sat directly under the weapon as it hung upon the wall, heated the green plug, the wood shrank until it finally dropped out, at once releasing the hammer and discharging the shell. Unfortunately, Professor Winston was crossing the room at that very instant, and being in line with the muzzle of the weapon, which in its position commanded a range of anything crossing the entrance to the

bay window, received the charge in his head and was instantly killed. The recoil of the discharge dislodged the pistol, and it fell down upon the lamp, breaking it to atoms."

As I finished, an expression of incredulity swept over the faces of the policemen, followed by one of deep surprise and awe. Jumping up they grasped my hands, hardly able to express their surprise and joy at my simple solution of an apparently cold-blooded murder.

Mr. Wallcot was released at once, and having learned that I was the cause of his deliverance, made all haste to call on me, presenting me with a ten thousand dollar note in appreciation of my clever work. He said that he had had a petty quarrel with Professor Winston, but that they had parted good friends.

On account of my skill in solving that mystery I was offered a good position on the "force," but I declined with thanks, saying that one "queer case" was enough for me.

WELTON AMES SNOW

A FATHER'S LOVE

(AWARDED SECOND PRIZE)

OUTSIDE it was cold and dismal, Within, the richly furnished room was warm and comfortable, dimly lighted by the dying fire. Here sat an old man in a great armchair, his head bent low upon his hands, his whole attitude that of utter despair. Beside him, on a low table, was an old Cremona, and at his feet crouched a handsome St. Bernard dog, gazing sorrowfully up at his master.

Suddenly the old man lifted his head, and with a trembling hand stroked his sympathetic companion.

"Jack, old boy," he said, "we are both thinking of her to-night. We can't help it. Even my old violin sings of her. I cannot

play without unconsciously straying to her song, the one she loved the best. O Jack! Why did she leave me? What is there in the glare of the footlights to lure the daughter from the father who loved her so well?"

Sobbing, he bent his head over the dog, who could only answer with a low whine. Suddenly he rose.

"Come, Jack, we must go to Tom's now. It is Thanksgiving, and he will expect us. He has been a good son, but I want her, and her only. 'Thanksgiving' will have no meaning for me until she comes."

Slowly he put on his heavy overcoat, tenderly lifted his beloved violin, and with Jack at his heels, left the house. Slowly they passed

down the deserted streets, by tall, gloomy buildings, until they reached Broadway, dazzling with lights. Before the brilliant doorway of the Savoy Theater they stopped, and the old man said:

"We'll go in here and see Mr. King. He's watching for her, you know, and some day he may even find her." They went around to the stage door and entered. The men all nodded respectfully to him as he passed through. They knew the great violinist well.

He made his way to the wings where he knew he would find Mr. King busily directing the stage hands. The manager turned gruffly at the timid touch on his arm, but his whole manner changed when he saw who it was. He shook his head in answer to the mute appeal in the old man's eyes. "Not yet, Mr. Austin, not yet," he said.

"It is always the same. Come, Jack," said the old man, with a catch in his voice. As he turned to go his eyes fell on a young woman who was about to make her entrance at the other end of the stage. Something in her appearance attracted him; she seemed so desolate, so alone. For a moment he gazed; then his mind whirled; he paled to the lips.

"Who is she?" he asked, hoarsely, "who is she?"

Mr. King was amazed, but answered, "Why a young girl who begged for a chance.

Hasn't much of a voice. No spirit. We put her on first."

"No voice!" exclaimed the old man, excitedly. "Wait! Tell them not to play! Let me play! No voice," he muttered again, and holding aloft his old violin he began to play.

The girl had advanced to the footlights, and stood there, frightened at the sudden halt of the orchestra. Suddenly she heard the deep, passionate, melody of the violin. A mingled look of surprise and fear swept over her face. She stood silent a moment. Then she began to sing. As she sang she saw herself in her own home once more. Her head was uplifted; she did not see the enraptured audience.

"No voice," the manager had said. Now he stood enthralled as he listened. It was a plaintive, thrilling echo, full of pathos. The fresh, rich notes trembled with their marvelous beauty, so sweet yet so mournful.

On she sang to the end. Then, while the audience thundered its applause, she rushed from the stage. One look at the bent old man, with his faithful companion; one cry, "Father!" and the two were locked in an embrace oblivious to everything but the intense joy of reunion.

STELLA ANNA SONNENBERG

EXCHANGES

Department Editor, GEORGIA CORA FARNHAM

THE Needham High School ADVOCATE extends a cordial welcome to all exchanges received during the past year. We have been very glad to exchange new thoughts and ideas, and in this way to be able to keep in touch with what is being done in other schools. We hope no offense will be taken at our criticisms, but

that they will be received in the spirit in which they are given.

Argonaut, you seem to have a good supply of "story writers" on hand. Don't you suppose you could scrape up a few department cuts? They would certainly improve the appearance

of your paper. In answer to your inquiry we would say that we believe in turning out one good paper a year rather than to inflict a quantity of little pamphlets on the innocent public.

Teacher.—Fools ask questions that wise men cannot answer.

Voice in background.—Yes, that's why I've flunked in so many exams.

Absence makes the marks grow rounder.

Cæsar conquered nations,
Conqueror of the world was he,
And at the last examinations
Cæsar conquered me.

Little grains of sawdust,
Little chips of wood,
Treated scientifically
Make our breakfast food.

A great amount of bluffing,
Lots of air quite hot,
Make a recitation
Seem like what it's not.

The Magnet, on the whole, is a very interesting and well-arranged paper. It always brings infinite joy to our heart to gaze upon the bright and smiling faces portrayed in the front of the paper.

Sophomore (sternly).—"Did you take a shower bath?"

Freshman (timidly).—"No, are there any missing?"

Stout party (who has dropped cigar).—"Now, can I afford to lose — my cigar or my back buttons?"

"How iss your boy Fritz getting along in der college?"

"Ach! He is halfback on der football team and all der vay back in his studies,"

The Tripod is a very good little paper. The use of the school seal on the cover of the March number is a vast improvement, and the stories are particularly good.

Faith, have ye seen thim?

Cum take a pake in!

It's nothin' it's costin' ye,

And shure it's no sin.

Now look! Ain't thim cunnin'?

The swate, pretty dears.

To moi moind home's the

Place for such tinder years!

And the warm, vivid color,

It's Saint Patrick's own green!

May the saints send ye luck,

Class of Nineteen Thirteen.

The Register (Boston Latin School) has a neat cover design and is of a generally high tone. This paper evidently does not think it necessary to delight the eye with department cuts or a page of jokes.

The cover design of the Golden Rod is very clever and appropriate. We don't blame you for wanting to display your athletes. You seem to have quite a choice set of young men.

GOLDEN ROD EXCHANGES

Teacher.—"Bon jour, mademoiselle."

Freshman.—"Yes'm."

"Cæsar sic dicit on de cur egesi lictum."

Freshman (trans.).—"Cæsar sicked the cat on the cur, I guess he licked him!"

GREAT SCOTT.

"If Ivanhoed the bonny brae,

And Athelstaned his tunic new,

If Friar Tucked the food away,

Pray what, oh what did RhoderickDhu?"

German lady (calling for central)—“ Hai? ”
 Central.—“ Well, what is it? ”
 German lady.—“ Iss dis der middle? ”

Of all sad words
 Of tongue or pen,
 The saddest are these,
 I've flunked again.

The Red and Blue is a very good paper, in fact it is one of the best among our exchanges. The editorials, exchanges, and department cuts are particularly fine.

He stood on the bridge at midnight
 Interrupting my sweet repose;
 He was a tall mosquito —
 The bridge was that of my nose.

The Journal (Worcester Polytechnic) is the only scientific exchange we receive. Through this journal we may easily keep in touch with the latest scientific articles.

In the Bostonia we read with pleasure what is taking place at the Boston University. We are thus enabled to get a glimpse of the University life.

The Tufts Weekly is a “ real newsy ” little paper. We are always pleased to receive the latest college news from a real, live college.

The Harvard University Gazette serves to keep us informed concerning the doings at that institution. There is nothing like keeping properly informed on the latest events which take place at such a university.

We also have the pleasure of receiving the College Signal (Amherst). A signal like this is greatly appreciated from an agricultural college of such standing.

The exchange editor may use her pen
 Till the ends of her fingers are sore.
 Yet some one will be sure to say,
 “ How stale! I've heard that before.”
 GEORGIA C. FARNHAM

A HIGH SCHOOL IDYL

(After R.K.)

When the study hour is pass'd, and the bell has
 rung it's last
 Liberation unto me,
 Tho' my soul be sick of learning, yet the pang
 will be returning
 In the final assemblée.
 For the youngest hopes are the best, dear friend,
 And theirs is the morning cheer,
 And my heart's gone out to the old days, the
 joy days, the dream days,
 To the faltering song of the school days, the
 days that were ever dear.

There in spring the robin's note from the
 budding sprays of oak
 Burst rich and gay and pure,
 And the sunbeams melted warm in a splotchy
 smiling throng
 Across the dark stained floor.
 While the recitation droned, dear friend,
 Like a June day, in my ear,
 So my heart's gone out to the old days, the joy
 days, the dream days.
 To the forlorn song of the school days, the
 days that were ever dear.

In the autumn far and high, o'er the bosom of
 the sky,
 I could see the wild fowl wing,
 And the maple's flaming cloak vied with crim-
 son of the oak,
 While an incense seemed to fling,
 Like a dream spell over my books, dear friend,
 Till my spirit mounted clear.

So my heart's gone out to the old days, the joy
 days, the dream days,
 To the vesper song of the schooldays, the
 days that were ever dear.

So perhaps some may be glad, and another few
 be sad

When the halls they tread no more,
 Where the laughter's echoes die and the
 scholars loiter by

To the open classroom door;
 But from me there will come a sigh, dear friend,
 And perhaps there'll escape a tear,
 For my heart's gone out to the old days, the joy
 days, the dream days
 In the madcap song of the school days, the
 days that were ever dear.

J. POWERS

OUR YEARLY CALENDAR FOR 1910

"Oh, sweet, oh, sad, the days that are no more."

THE following is to be a modest effort on our part to describe and set forth in detail all of the various occurrences of the past year which might be of interest to the public at large. Before we begin, however, we wish to state distinctly that we personally are not responsible for this calendar in any way whatever. The blame all lies with the editor. He is spending all his spare time, and losing weight, producing learned editorials, in which he explains the advisability of equipping the football team with rubber boots for the Thanksgiving game, and suggests how Mr. Hanks might get the ashes out without scaring the inhabitants of Room 2. With such weighty matters as these on his mind he has refused with much emphasis to devote any valuable time or space to these little side comments on school life, to the effect that the class of 19— held a very pleasant reception, and so forth, the refreshments were followed by games, light dancing was served, and so forth, or anything like that.

At first it was intended to let the Needham Chronicle have all the glory of reporting these great events. On second thought, however, it was found that most of them had occurred before Miss Co—on went on the reporting staff, and besides, there might be a few who would like to know how things *really* happened, so we

have been prevailed upon to make the following record. But please keep in mind that the editor is the one to blame, and if you find anything in this not to your taste, get a club and go find him.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."

NOVEMBER 4. The first event to take place was the Junior Party. We do not regard the grand arrival of everybody in September as an event. The only thing noticeable about that was the superb freshness of the freshmen, which is nothing new, so we pass it by. Thus, as we mentioned above, the Junior Party has the honor of first place. "'Twas ever thus." To be elevated from the lowly position of a sophomore to a junior class brings with it a certain dignity and a feeling of pride in the school such as any one might take in property that was all their own, and above all gives rise to a determination to give a party as soon as possible or bust. The first warning was the frequent appearance, on the board of Room 2, of notices of class meetings and frantic appeals for dues, in whose wording we detected the hand of the notorious poet, author, and so forth, of that class, Mr. J. H. P. Then it gradually leaked out that the proposed event was to take place November 4, and invitations were being

handed out to a few select and fortunate outsiders.

On the appointed night the assembly hall was filled with all the beauty and gallantry of the school. The decorations were in the class colors, brown and gold, and strikingly resembled the rich shades of a khaki suit that failed to wash well. The excitement began with a grand march, which, owing to the nervousness of the juniors, was led by a senior. Both classes have our heartfelt sympathy. After this, as soon as everybody had recovered from their exhaustion, they played the usual antique games. Sh—keep it dark—Winkum was one of them. The orchestra, Mr. B., arrived late, but blooming, and immediately commenced creating sounds on the piano so that the guests might dance. They did so, stopping off long enough to eat ice cream. Mr. Mills received much praise for his skill in bringing on the punch. At eleven Mr. S. bade all a fond adieu, and the Junior Party was no more.

“Quoth the raven, ‘Nevermore.’”

“A sight to dream of, not to tell.”

DECEMBER 3. The teachers, out of the goodness of their hearts, gave a reception to the football team. They were very anxious to have every one in a pleased and happy frame of mind. Evidently thinking that the guests from Dover, with a four-mile walk between them and home, might not feel perfectly at ease, they exerted themselves to have everything seem as homelike to them as possible. The faculty was becomingly dressed in the simple rural costumes so dear to the heart of the Dover natives, and on the stage a rustic scene, that was charmingly realistic, had been prepared. Everything in this was complete, from the darksome cedars in the background, gleaming in the calcium moonlight, to the cider barrel mounted on a sawhorse in the foreground. This, we regret to say, proved to be a snare and a delusion, for when some en-

thusiastic guest (we think it was Kingsbury) turned it over, he found a large blue label on the other side bearing the fateful words, “Witch Hazel.” It was touching to see the emotion of the Doverites caused by the thoughtfulness of the teachers, and with what enthusiasm they entered into the enjoyment of the affair. Comisky in the exuberance of his joy kicked his dancing pump into the midst of the school committee in an effort to show his appreciation.

When the guests had arrived there began to appear evidences of some deep-laid plot, for no sooner had a gentleman accompanied his fair one to the hall than he basely deserted her and fled downstairs. After a short interval all appeared *en masse* in the assembly hall and marched around several times, in order to let the ladies see them in their full glory. The lilies of the field were not in it for a moment with these.

Each was arrayed in a costume of his own design, which was a marvel of symmetry and skill. Stanwood was a terrible Turk, J. Minimus a Scotch laddie, Mr. F. S. K. had achieved the novel combination of white trousers, tan shoes together with a dress coat, to the tails of which was attached a Needham banner. The effect was overpowering. T. J. Crossman was arrayed as a clown. (Comment on this would be superfluous.) A large majority of the others were “sojer boys,” and many confessed that they were not sure just what they were supposed to be. That idea had not occurred to them. The grand march was a thing to be remembered. Mr. Parks, our coach, was with us as a special guest.

His “guest” had failed him at the last moment, which caused him to sit around looking lonesome for a short time, until some friends discovered his plight and set out to make him acquainted with the ladies. When they had finished he had so many ladies on his hands that he did not know what to do, and fled at an early period, in spite of many invi-

tations to stay longer. Towards the end of the evening the members of the team received souvenirs in the shape of a small box of candy resembling a snowball. This was doubtless a reminder of the Wellesley game. Shortly after this ceremony the company broke up and departed to their several homes.

FEBRUARY 3. Upon this date the great Senior Party took place. As this class is, with a few notable exceptions, of a modest and retiring disposition there was not so much loud ostentation as usual in their preparations. The committees were appointed several months in advance, and besides deriving much enjoyment in a social way from their meetings, they employed their time to good advantage in preparing a sumptuous entertainment for their friends. The decoration committee first took a hand and decorated everything in sight from the chandeliers to the piano, with great skill and blue and gold crêpe paper. Moreover, they secured sofa pillows and other "fixin's," and arranged them in the corners of the hall in such an inviting way as to seriously interfere with the dancing. When the guests arrived they admired the effect greatly, and then steered for the cosy corners. Messrs. F. S. K. and L. W. B. took turns acting as a reception committee, and welcomed the guest with much éclat, while President W. A. S. held down one of the corners.

The work of the entertainment committee was very effective. The first scheme on their program was to have the guests hunt for candy kisses * carefully concealed about the hall, with the double purpose in view of keeping everybody occupied, and also getting the juniors who were present filled up on something substantial, so that they would not eat up all the ice cream as usual. The idea worked nicely, with the only drawback, that everybody had discovered the candy before the hunt was announced, and then felt grieved because there was none left.

*We refrain at this point from the use of cheap humor.

After this a guessing contest was introduced. A list was produced, in which the initials of a person's name were used as the beginning letters of some phrase which was supposed to give a clue to the owner of the initials. The guests were then asked to guess the names of the victims, who were all connected with the school. Some cases proved difficult, but when there was anything like, "Gets caught fooling," or "Likes handing lemons," everybody seemed to know who was meant. After perpetrating this, the committee was evidently troubled with a guilty conscience, and welcomed the timely arrival of Mr. B. They began to pass out dance orders with feverish haste. Punch was served between the dances and, of course, some one kicked the table and spilled punch all over the trimmings. They always do that. Just as the dancing commenced, the lights went out, leaving the company in heathen darkness. Those in charge hurried around and lighted some Japanese lanterns that were included in the decorations and had them burning nicely when the lights went on again. The lantern effect was liked so well, however, that it was tried later with great success.

"And then *he* drew a dial from his poke,
And looking on it with lack luster eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is eleven o'clock.'"

"Tears, idle tears."

MARCH 17. On this fateful morning as we came to school in joyous anticipation of the pleasures of St. Patrick's Day, we learned to our grief and sorrow that Allen, our popular schoolmate and football idol, had fallen ill with smallpox. With saddened hearts we turned away. All our greenery was discarded as we thought of the dreadful doom of smallpox hanging over us, and all lightheartedness left us. We reflected how many of us might fall victims to the dread disease, and perhaps never join our comrades again in the pleasures of the dear old High School. It was very sad.

Kindly notice and appreciate our self-control.

Every one felt much depressed and yielded himself a willing sacrifice to vaccination, resolving to lead a better life for the short time left him.

This feeling lasted for a short time, and then rumors began to leak out that Allen was not as sick as had been imagined, and that it was barely possible that he only had the measles. As no one else showed symptoms, everybody gradually cheered up except those whose vaccinations took well, and these became more and more depressed.

To while away a few idle hours, a number of vacationists organized a pedestrian expedition one afternoon, March 24, and hoofed it for a considerable distance around the country. Miss Co—on accompanied the party in the capacity of reporter for the Needham Chronicle. On this trip, Kester, who has lately come from the West, discovered a peculiar plant with large leaves and a dark red, hooded blossom, known to the initiated as the skunk cabbage. We left him by the brink of the rolling Charles, giving a spirited representation of Lady Macbeth, in her sleep walking scene, when she says, "Out, damned spot! out! I say." This was our only mishap, and as every one seemed to enjoy themselves another trip was planned, this time to Pegan Hill, which lies somewhere in the wilds of Dover. They took a lunch and made a day of it. On this walk Miss L. lost some "joolry," and all hands went back to look for it. When it was found the crowd discovered that they too were lost. After much wandering they reached the right road and arrived at the summit of the hill, where they were welcomed by L. W. B., '10, and H. P. P., '12, who had gone on ahead. They then sat down and ate lunch. A noticeable thing about all these walks was the fact that everybody had as much fun sitting down as walking.

Still a third walk took place March 31, when the party betook itself to Cat Rock. Again everybody brought a lunch with him, that is all but F. S. K. and Miss Foye's dog, but this did not matter, for everybody had more than

enough, and fed their surplus to the dog and K. indiscriminately. Being brought together in this way, the two became mutually attached to each other, so much so that the dog went all the way home with K., and had to be shut up in the chicken coop while "Judge" was donning a high collar and getting ready to accompany him home.

The fourth and last walk took place when all went to Ridge Hill. Our vacation was now over, and A. had reappeared, looking none the less for wear, so the expeditions died a natural death, and we turned our attention once more to school.

"Love me, love my dog."

"On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined."

APRIL 29. The Second Senior Dance took place on this date. We know it was the *second Senior Dance*, because it was printed that way on the dance orders. In order to save its meager funds so that its parting bequest to the school might be as munificent as possible, the class made this dance modest and simple. All decorations, with the exceptions of sofa pillows and Mr. Snow, were eschewed. A touch of color was given, however, by the informal costuming allowed the gentlemen, who appeared in all degrees of informality, from the mere coatless condition to the wearing of tan shoes and purple armbands. These last were looked on with much disfavor. Homemade cake and ice cream formed the simple refreshments on which the guests regaled themselves. A gallon of this same ice cream (made by Johnson) was abstracted from a freezer which stood on the steps. What became of it or the robbers is still a deep mystery. We have expected to hear every day of the discovery of the mangled remains (of the can), but nothing of the kind has yet happened.

The Senior Dance wound up the season in a blaze of glory. Since then nothing has happened to break the dull monotonous round of toil. There are rumors of a presentation of "As You Like It," by Miss L.'s all star troupe,

floating on the air, but we may not wait, much as we desire to record the result, and therefore will bring our account to a timely close.

"For this relief, much thanks."

ALUMNI NOTES

Department Editor, JAMES H. POWERS

MISS ISABEL STONE, '01, Wellesley, '05, who holds an Alice Freeman Palmer fellowship from that college and the degree of Ph.D. from Cornell, has been called to take a position at Bryn Mawr as instructor in the Greek department.

James Maloney, '07, has distinguished himself at Notre Dame, Ind., by his remarkable playing at end on the football team of that college. In an edition of the Boston Traveler last fall, the name of his home town was misprinted as Newton, which error we correct. It is doubtful if N. H. S. will ever have such an end as Maloney again.

Hollis Godfrey, one of the most popular ex-principals of Needham High School, 1896-1900, has been successfully contributing to the literature of the country. "The Man who ended War" is a fine story, which all the alumni should read. He has also contributed several articles to the Atlantic Monthly in this spring's numbers.

Stimson Wyeth, '09, is now a student at Harvard, where he is preparing for a literary career.

Miss Annie H. Crossman, '04, was married on the twenty-sixth of last January, to Mr. Philip Walker, '03.

Brownville, '09, made his numerals on the freshman football team of Brown University.

The editor of this department is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Ida Low, of Wakefield,

Needham High School, '84, from which he quotes the following:

"Why not stir up popular opinion to have the alumni dinner at a season when all may attend without extreme suffering from heat? I would have attended last year but for the dangerously extreme temperature, and no doubt there were others who were absent for the same reason."

This is true and should be considered. Those present at last year's dinner will, we know, agree that it was extremely uncomfortable. Perhaps if the date were changed to the fall, most fitly to some time about Thanksgiving Day, as then most of the alumni return home to witness the Wellesley game and to spend the holidays, the dinner would be more successful and decidedly more enjoyable, besides affording a chance for a larger assemblage of the graduates. We hope the alumni will consider this matter speedily and well.

Of the past graduates of the school, four have taken up religion, three law, twenty-eight school teaching, two medicine, and one literature. There are five in the civil service, three in civil engineering, two in architecture, one in draughtsmanship, two nursing. Of the men in business, five are merchants, one a druggist, three bank clerks, one a florist, two grocers, six traveling salesmen and clerks, and two engineers, three farmers, two contractors, and two machinists. Twenty-six are either bookkeepers or stenographers, and thirty-four are students. It is easily to be seen what professions and business are most favored. We

remark with no little pleasure the increasing number of students who are continuing their education through college.

On Christmas day, 1909, Miss Gladys Pond, '06, was married to Mr. Nathaniel Wyeth, ex '06. Mr. Wyeth holds an excellent position as an automobile designer for the Speedwell Motor Car Co., in Dayton, Ohio.

Mr. Stanley Ferris, '09, after a few months in the employ of the Boston branch of Swift & Co., has been transferred by them to their branch office at Syracuse, N. Y. Who said a high school education was a waste of time?

Several attempts have been made recently to hold a meeting of the alumni. Through the lack of interest shown on the part of the graduates, but six members were present at one of these meetings, and the others were almost as

poorly attended. Now there are a few more alumni in this town, we hope, than six or seven. We hope so, and we go so far as to say we know so, unless there have been sudden deceases of past graduates which are as yet unknown to us. There is no excuse, we say, for such a pitiful pageant. Get together, O ye "once weres," and when there is a meeting called don't falter in your duty, but "speed on, speed on."

We regret to say that several alumni autographs have been effaced from the interior of the building by the pale stroke of the white-wash brush. Mayhap some day when some alumnus becomes president of the United States, or king of Graustark, he will shed tears of sorrow and wish he could come back to the Needham High School and get his initials on the wall for the museum.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

MISS ELLEN H. BARTLETT, *director*

DOROTHY RICHARDSON, *pianist*

LOUISE ESTELLE FREEMAN

ALBERT BEVERLEY CROSSMAN } *1st violins*

F. DONALD WEBB

EVA B. NYE

EVELYN S. BEAN } *2d violins*

THEODORE B. MITCHELL, *1st cornet*

FRED BALLANTINE DUNN, *2d cornet*

CHARLES B. O'BRIEN, *drum and bells*

tainments, among which may be mentioned a play, "My Uncle from India," given at the Highland Club West Roxbury, and the annual Union Temperance meeting.

The orchestra includes, or did include, nine pieces. The unfortunate departure of Miss Freeman, one of the first violins, deprived it of a fine musician. The addition of the bells, played skillfully by Charles O'Brien, has greatly increased the versatility of the selections rendered. The orchestra, as it now exists, has been developed gradually but surely. The school has always been in need of some musical organization, and now the vacancy has been fortunately filled. We feel safe in saying that every student wishes to see the High School Orchestra continued indefinitely.

The success of the High School Orchestra during its second season has been so pronounced that a prominent and well-deserved position as a progressive organization connected with the school has been accorded it. It has furnished music at many enter-





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FEEDING HOURS FROM 11.40 A.M. to 12 M.

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Head Carpenter	MR. HANKS
Information Bureau	THE FACULTY
Ticket Taker	MISS WEISE
Band Wagon (occupied by the N. H. S. Orchestra)	

Calliope	STANWOOD, '11
Lion tamer	MARSH, '11
Snake Charmer	MISS BEAN, '10
Strong man	DUNN, '11
Siamese twins	

MESSRS. CROSSMAN AND MILLS, '11	
Wildman from Borneo	WELSH, '12
The McLewymoe Troupe of Acrobats	
LESDESNIER, '10 McDOWELL, '11,	
MOELLER, '12, WYE, '13	

Daring bareback rider	L. WOODWARD, '13
Mamie the mule	BLADES, '12
Bearded lady	JOHNSON, '10
\$10,000 prize beauty	KESTER, '12
Original Annette Kellerman	TISDALE, P. G.
Living Skeleton	MISS WALKER, '10
World famous fat lady (600 lbs.)	ALLEN, '10
Funniest clowns on earth	

MESSRS. HAMILTON AND POWERS	
Experts on the slack wire	
MISSSES SADLER, FITZGERALD, ELDRIDGE,	
AND RAMEY, '10	

Menagerie:

Lions,	WOODWARD, '12, PARMENTER, '11
Kangaroo	PAINE, '11
Giraffe	KINGSBURY, '10
Hyena	COMISKEY, '11
Anteater	POOLE, '11
Porcupine	BURNHAM, '10
Monkey family	
FANNING, '13, MALONEY, '12, BROWN, '13,	
PALMER, '13, McADAMS, '12	
Pink lemonade men,	LITTLEHALE, P. G., PARKER, '12
Peanut Vender	SNOW, '10
(With apologies to "The Magnet.")	

IT HAPPENED IN ROOM III

"Now do sit up and look intelligent."

Miss B. (in U. S. History).—"Alors!"

Mr. Mo—re.—"Now, as we know, cows drink milk."

Po—le, '11.—"Life is man."

Mr. M—ore.—"In order for me to balance this chair upon my hand the line of centers must pass through my hand. Now ——"
Crash! ! !

D—wson, '12.—"Then he closed her eyes."
Miss B—ker.—"That isn't German, Dawson."

Mr. S. (speaking of the Class of 1913).—"Now, as for those new ones upstairs ——"

E. D., '12.—"The headless horseman's horse was called headless because the horseman didn't have no head."

“ENGLISH AS SHE IS WRIT”

Miss L—ke.—“What’s a lichen? Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?”

Miss McI—sh, ’12.—“Er, why,—no — it’s an insect.”

Miss L—ke.—“Allen, did you look up that word in the dictionary?”

All—n.—“Yes’m.”

Pause.

Miss L.—“I’m glad to hear it.”

Another pause.

Miss L.—“Was it given?”

A—en.—“Yes’m.”

Still a pause.

Miss L.—“Very interesting indeed.”

More pause.

Miss L.—“Allen!”

Al—en.—“Yes’m.”

Miss L.—“*What* did you find?”

Miss L—ke (English history class)—“Gunn, why did the Genoese of Columbus’s time have to travel so far to get to the East?”

F. B. D., ’11 (answers promptly).—“Because the Suez Canal wasn’t dug.”

English history teacher.—“Name a food product obtained from medieval Britain.”

Answer.—“Tin.”

Rare (?) specimen of sophomore prose secured with great difficulty. “I walks along when I heard the sound of sleighbells. When the sleigh gets up to me, I jumped on.”

Heard in junior English.

Miss McK.—“I don’t know you mean!”

Miss L—ke.—“I mean what say.”

Miss McK.—“I know it.”

Mr. S. (Algebra II).—“What is evolution? Evolution is the process of finding powers.”

Wonder on Powers’s countenance.

Miss M—ro.—“What conjugation is maneo?”

McL—d, ’13.—“I’m *sure* it’s the sixth one.”

Miss B—ll—gs, ’13 (reading).—“Water, water everywhere, and how the birds did shrink.”

Miss B.—“Dunn, have you done?”

D—nn, enthusiastically.—“Yes’m, all done.”

Chorus.—“Dunn hasn’t half done it.”

Mr. M—re.—“What does electrical energy do?”

Miss C—mbr—dge, ’12.—“I don’t know.”

Mr. M.—“You don’t know?”

Miss C.—“No-o.”

Mr. M—re, desperately.—“Well! Miss Cambridge! I’m surprised! What runs the washing machine down to our house?”

The president of the Junior Class, at a meeting of the refreshment committee for the class party, discovers that even if the ones present bring two lemons apiece there will not be enough of that delicious yellow fruit for the punch. After a few moments of deep cogitation he happily observes, “Those absent will make up the other dozen lemons.”

Miss S., ’10 (reading Burke).—“By comparing the year 1-7-0-4 —”

Johnson (barely conscious).—“What exchange, please?”

Mr. M—re.—“Now, for example, suppose I’m the moon.” Then, to give reality to the situation, he blushed.

T—ale, P. G., has been five years in high school, and now branches out by saying that “Dryden didn’t know Alexander Pope because he wasn’t in his ‘clawss.’” Ahem!

Miss S., ’10. “Gee! thus we find that the colonies—” It was all right, though. She was only reading topics that happened to be lettered G. But how were we to know?

By our English critic and adviser. “The best part of this theme is the end of it.”

Axiom I in the Physics Lab.

“If you do a thing wrong you’ll come out wrong.”

H—m—n gives a German sentence.

Miss B.—“Mistake?”

H—mil—n.—“No mistake.”

Miss R—d, '10.—“ Burke's most prominent feature was his intellectual independence, which he never borrowed from any one.”

McI, '10 (translating *On a vu les grues et les oies sawvages*).

“ They have seen the cranes and the wild owls.”

B—nh—m, '10.—“ Burke was original.”

Long pause.

Miss L.—“ *Was he?*”

Mr. S. (after the singing in the hall).—“ The seniors and the rest of the girls are dismissed.

Mr. M—e.—“ K—sb—y, have you got a wooden block? ”

F. S. K., '10.—“ Haven't any block at all, sir.”

Miss L—ke.—“ We had a discussion as to what sort of a lady Macbeth was.”

Sn—w, '10 (in solid).—“ Two mutually equiangular triangles on the same sphere or—er, ah — or equal spheres er —.”

Mr. S. M.—“ What is your proposition? ”

Sn—w.—“ Oh! This *must* be a special case! ”

Mr. S.—“ *Special* in that you have only half the diagram on the board. Sit down, please.”

Miss B., '10 (translating).—“ He fed him a handful of hay.”

Miss Munro.—“ Do you mean the horse? ”
(From the French) “ Gracious! ”

Miss B.—“ What was the Amnesty Proclamation? ”

Sn—w rises to the occasion with his usual aplomb. “ I can't give the exact legal wording of it.”

Miss B.—“ Well, give the gist of it then.”

Sn—w.—“ Well — er — I don't believe I can give that, either.”

C—skey, '11 (reading xy^2 in algebra).—
“ My answer is xy to the tooth power.”

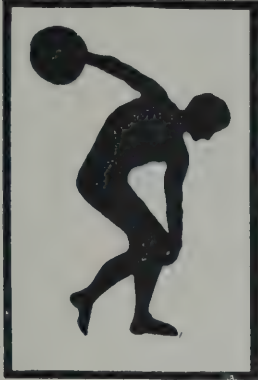
F. R. A., '10 has a wonderful imagination. It helps a great deal in translation, but is likely to lead astray, e.g. “ It was an exciting moment. The drawbridge thundered into place. The knight galloped across. Then a servant came out,” says Dutch, “ and asked him for his card.”

E. M. J., '10 (translating).—“ He had placed his chin with the long beard in his hand.”

W. A. S., '10 (in physics).—“ Is that why water don't look so deep as you think it is? ”

Miss L—ke (reading Macbeth).—“ ‘ Posters of the land and sea ’; now calling those witches posters shows that they went fast. Posting shows speed. That's where we get post-road and post office and— er — ” (Laughter among certain sentimental and ill-bred seniors.)





ATHLETICS

FOOT BALL

THE TEAM

Mills (captain), halfback; age 16; height 5 ft. 6½ in.; weight 142. "Chet" could always be depended on to carry the ball around the end for a long gain. The other teams were never able to lay him out, and whenever any one fell on him they bounced.

Kingsbury, guard; age 18; height 6 ft. 1 in.; weight 175. "Judge" in action seemed to be mostly elbows and feet, and was the terror of the line. The opposing team seldom made any gains through his territory.

Allen, guard; age 18; height 5 ft. 6½ in.; weight 163. "Dutch" was our chubby boy. He was one of the late comers, but succeeded in making good.

Burnham, tackle; age 17; height 5 ft. 10 in.; weight 150. "Lucy" played a scientific game, and covered lots of ground in the line.

Crossman, quarterback; age 16; height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 155. "Jimmy" tried all of the back positions, but finally arrived at quarter. He was strong on his forward passes and defensive work.

Dunn, tackle and back; age 16; height 6 ft.; weight 180. "Heifer" was good in any position. Anybody that he landed on was generally disabled for the rest of the game.

Stanwood, fullback; age 16; height 5 ft. 7 in.; weight 155. "Fat" was a good line plunger. Whenever a touchdown was made, Fat, the red jersey, and the ball were usually found at the bottom of the heap.

Comiskey, end; age 15; height 5 ft. 5½ in.; weight 128. "Danny" was fast on his feet, and his cheerful smile always took with the ladies.

McAdams, center, guard; age 16; height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 143. "Hen" was a good player and passed the ball in style, but evidently preferred sleeping to working.

Powers, tackle and end; age 16; height 5 ft. 9½ in.; weight 159. Jim took great delight in gathering in onside kicks. When his wrath was aroused it took both teams to soothe him.

Woodard, halfback; age 15; height 5 ft. 10 in.; weight 160. "Clint" played in the line until we discovered his abilities as a back. He never hurried himself, but it took six men to pull him off his feet.

O'Brien, end; age 15; height 5 ft. 5 in.; weight 109. "Charlie" was small, but he was always all there. The opposing backs never saw him until he spilled them.

Devine, end; age 16; height 5 ft. 7 in.; weight 115. Devine was our other midget. He, too, was a constant surprise to the other team's backs.

Leonard, end; age 16; height 5 ft. 6½ in.; weight 135. Tom's stronghold was recovering fumbles.

L. Woodward, center and guard; age 16; height 5 ft. 6 in.; weight 145. "Agricolas" played good football and resisted every effort to lay him out.

Hamilton, quarterback; age 16; height 5 ft. 9 in.; weight 116. "Hamy" played with us early in the season and showed good head work, but found it too much exertion to come out and work.

Martin, guard; age 16; height 5 ft. 6 in.; weight 140. Bill was a raw recruit, but showed the makings of a good player.

Starkweather, quarterback and end; age 16; height 5 ft. 6½ in.; weight 130. Starky played a snappy game, but went up in the air at critical moments. He only stayed with us for a short time early in the season.

Wotton, end; age 16; height 5 ft. 7½ in.; weight 130. Wotton was fast on his feet and looks like a good man for another year.

McIntire, guard; age 18; height 5 ft. 8 in.; Mac was new to the game but did good work nevertheless.

The opening of the football season last fall found the school with six veterans of the year before as the nucleus of a new team. The failure of Sadler to re-enter school deprived the team of its captain, and obliged the Athletic Association to select another. Mills was unanimously chosen by the school, and immediately issued a call for candidates.

The problem of securing a coach soon came up, but was not solved definitely until later in the season. The management was unable to secure any one at first to take the position regularly, but Mr. A. Wheeler, Bridgewater Normal School, '09, took the position tem-



Photo by Marceau

FOOT BALL TEAM

BURNHAM	KINGSBURY	PARKS (Coach)	DUNN	C. WOODWARD
DEVINE	MCAHAMS	CROSSMAN	LEONARD	POWERS
ALLEN	O'BRIEN	MILLS (Captain)	COMISKEY	L. WOODARD

porarily, and, in what spare time he could give, did good work in developing a team.

For some reason there appeared to be a lack of interest on the part of many possible candidates, who did not report for practice until after several games had been played. This, and the fact that the players, with the matter left largely to their own discretion, were playing in the wrong positions, accounts for a weak showing in the earlier contests.

In October Mr. L. B. Parks, Yale, '09, took charge of the squad. He had just spent four years under the Yale coaches, and was well qualified to make the best team possible out of the material at hand. One fault was remedied by putting the players in the positions which were better suited to their abilities. The improved showing which immediately resulted was the means of arousing more enthusiasm in the school and bringing out a larger number of candidates. This eliminated the remaining drawback to success, and the team began to make up for lost time by a number of fine victories.

Throughout all the games the team played good, clean football, and there was a remarkable freedom from accidents to the players. Woodward was out of the game for a time because of a bad knee, and Captain Mills was temporarily disabled by a twisted ankle, received in practice, but there was nothing more serious than this.

The season ended with the Thanksgiving game. All the players in this game were awarded an "N," and included in the team picture. Taken as a whole the season was a success, and credit is due to our coaches, to the players, and to the supporters of the team for the good showing which was made.

The games in detail were as follows:

The first encounter was with Dorchester High School, at the Dunbar Avenue grounds, Saturday, September 25, and resulted in a 5-0 defeat. Dorchester had the advantage of weight, and by fierce line bucking carried the ball over for a touchdown early in the first half,

but failed to kick the goal. In the second half Needham opened up and kept Dorchester on the defensive a large part of the time, and when the whistle blew had the ball dangerously near the goal line.

Following closely after this came the Newton game at Newton, September 28. Needham was over-confident because of the good showing against Dorchester, but was brought down to earth by being beaten 18-0. Newton was outplayed in the line and resorted to open the game, working the forward pass for two touchdowns, and securing a third on a fluke and a long run by Marshall.

Two defeats in succession were as many as the team could stand, and therefore, when they lined up against Wayland for the first home game, October 2, they were determined to win. Mills secured an easy touchdown in the first half, but after allowing this, Wayland developed a strong defense, and although outplayed kept Needham from scoring again. A chance for a touchdown in the second half, with the ball on Wayland's one-yard line, was lost because of a fumble. The game ended with the score 5-0 in favor of Needham.

October 9 the team suffered its third defeat, this time at the hands of Chelsea, and by a score of 18-5. This was the first game since the arrival of our new coach. Several of the players were being tried out in new positions, and, in addition, the line was weakened by the absence of two regular players. During the first of the game Needham showed up finely. By quick work an attempt at a trick play by Chelsea was broken up, and then, with the ball in Needham's possession, Stanwood was put over for a touchdown. After that Needham's playing became ragged, and Chelsea settled down and won the game by steady line plunging.

October 16 Needham won its first decisive victory over Rock Ridge Hall, at Green's field. Rock Ridge, although of the same weight, was not fast enough to stop Needham's plays

Our boys showed great team work and formed fine interference for Mills and Woodward, who made big gains around the end while the line put up a strong defensive game. The final score was 38-0.

By equalling a goal from the field by a kick form placement, and adding two touchdowns into the bargain, Needham overcame Mechanics Arts, 1910, at Needham, October 23, by a score of 14-3. The losers played a good, stiff game, and the line found Captain Ginty, the opposing fullback, to be a difficult proposition. The visitors were much impressed by Needham's playing, and seemed to think that the team would be a match for M. A.'s first team.

Tuesday, October 26, Needham was victorious over Brown and Nichols, by a score of 38-0, in a practice game at Green's field. The visiting team was much heavier, and evidently expected something easy. The pride and joy of their hearts was their fullback, who weighed somewhere in the vicinity of two hundred and fifty pounds. His only drawback was that he had to lie down every little while and recuperate, which resulted in much time being wasted. Between these intervals Needham went ahead and piled up the score. A plan for a series of these games died an early death. Brown and Nichols seemed to feel that a milder form of practice was what they needed, and Needham lost what might have been a golden opportunity to keep in good trim.

Saturday, October 30, Needham defeated their old rival Dedham on their own grounds by a score of 35-0. The Needham team was in splendid form and played the best game of the season, outclassing Dedham, and giving a fine exhibition of open football. The losers played gamely, came back fiercely in the second half, and held Needham to one touchdown in that period.

The game with Hyde Park was played at Needham, Saturday, November 6, and re-

sulted in a 40-0 victory for Needham. Hyde Park had good offense but poor defense, and allowed our backs to get around the ends for long runs. Needham used good interference, and worked the onside kick for long gains.

A week later, November 13, came the annual game with Natick. Owing to a hitch in the securing of officials, Needham was obliged to confide itself to the tender mercies of a Natick referee. His decisions were fair enough for a time, but in the second half he allowed his enthusiasm to get away with him, and he called a third down for Natick when it should have been a first down for Needham. He refused to listen to protest, and in the next play Mahan of Natick broke through for a touchdown. By allowing Mahan's touchdown, the game went to Natick, 5-0. In Mahan, Needham faced one of the best halfbacks which they played against during the whole season.

The weather bureau evidently had evil designs against the annual Thanksgiving Day game with Wellesley, for on that morning there were three inches of wet snow covering the field. Although there was some talk of postponing the game, both teams were willing to play, and it took place according to schedule. It was never learned till afterward what a large number of people had felt that it should have been put off. They must have arrived sometime during the middle of the game.

Needham was much lighter than Wellesley, but nevertheless played a far superior game. The ball was kept in Wellesley's territory practically all of the time, but it was impossible to score against the difficult combination of wet field, superior weight, and slippery ball. For the most part the game consisted of the balls being steadily advanced down the field by Needham, only to be lost when close to the goal line and punted out. The game ended with the ball on Wellesley's twenty-yard line, with the score still 0-0.

TRACK

THREE years ago Needham High School belonged to an athletic association comprising eight or ten high schools, which annually had held an outdoor athletic meet. After Needham had won the cups two years in succession the "Midland Athletic Association" was dissolved. This year, owing to lack of funds, and material for a baseball team, it was thought best to devote our entire attention to track.

It has been our custom for several years to run a relay race with our old rival, Dedham High, at the annual B. A. A. Schoolboys' Meet, held during the later part of February. Training for this race was begun during the early part of the month, but, as we cannot boast of having any sort of indoor or outdoor track, it was very hard to practice, running over the public roads through the ice and snow. The boys who were trying to make the team showed an excellent school spirit, which could not be surpassed by any school whatever. A week before the race we obtained permission from the B. A. A. to use the Irvington Oval, which is in Boston, and which is the same size as the track at Mechanics' Building where we were to run.

The following men were picked for the team. Dunn, Crossman, Comiskey, Mills; substitutes, Kester and McDowell. With one exception these were all new men who had never run in a relay before, but on the afternoon of the race, February 26, they proved themselves capable of winning over Dedham by several seconds.

Needham won the toss for the pole, and at the crack of the pistol, Dunn, Needham's first man, was away like a flash, and when he gave the race to Crossman, who was our second man, he had a large lead on Dedham. This Crossman had kept, when he was relieved by Need-

ham's third man Comiskey. As Dedham's best man ran third he regained some of the lost ground for our opponents, but was unable to pass Comiskey. Captain Mills finished the race, winning by several seconds. The time was three minutes, thirty-one seconds, and the distance each man ran was three hundred and ninety yards. Each member of the winning team received a silver cup.

Early in March a race was arranged between our relay team and that of Lynn English High, the distance to be three hundred and ninety yards per man, and the place of meeting to be "The Regimental Athletic Meet," held in the South Armory, Boston, on the evening of the nineteenth instant. Our team was set back somewhat before this race because of the outbreak of a case of smallpox in the school. Every one of the team was compelled to be vaccinated, and the condition of their arms hindered them greatly. We were beaten in this race, but it is no disgrace to have a team from a school as large as the Lynn English High School defeat us by a few feet. The time, three minutes, thirty-six seconds, was slower than in our previous race, owing to the fact that spiked shoes were not allowed.

On Saturday, March 26, 1910, the captains and managers of the Dedham, Framingham, and Needham High School track teams held a meeting in the sporting editor's rooms at the Boston Herald Building. Plans were laid for a triangular meet, to be held May 28, 1910, at Stone Park, Dedham. The following list of events was voted upon and arranged.

100 yards dash; 220 yards dash; 440 yards run; 880 yards run; 1 mile run; putting 12 pound shot; running high jump; running broad jump.

Relay race for the three schools, each man to run one tenth of a mile.



Photo by Marcou

CLASS OF 1910, NEEDHAM HIGH SCHOOL

FREDERICK RICHMOND ALLEN	WHEELER WENDELL MCINTIRE	FREDERICK STILLMAN KINGSBURY	ELMER MATHEWS JOHNSON
PIERPONT FOLSOM DE LESDERNIER	EVELYN SWAN BEAN	MARGARET HELEN ROPER	LORETTA ELIZABETH FITZGERALD
RUTH WALKER	MARGARET FITZGERALD	RUTH WALKER	MARGARET FRANKLIN
EVA MAE RIVARD	MILDRED CATHERINE RAMEY	LUCIAN WALLACE BURNHAM	WELTON AMES SNOW
JEANETTE MARIE BUCKLEY	EVELYN MARGARET SADLER	MABEL ELOISE JACOBS	
ANNIE LOUISE ELDRIDGE			

THE SENIOR CLASS

FREDERICK RICHMOND ALLEN.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

"Dutch" dropped in on us early in June, 1891. He joined the class in the sophomore year, and is still with it. He has served on refreshment committees at our various parties, and has never failed to buy enough ice cream. His greatest offense was the obliteration of our Saint Patrick's Day celebration, after each one had adorned himself greenly. The coming graduation will be the first in which he has participated since he entered high school.

Class historian, president 1908-09, football team 1909.

EVELYN S. BEAN.

"I see a voice, now will I to the chink,
To spy, an I can hear my Thisbe's face."

"Evy" stalked in upon us, February 1, 1893. Soon afterwards her family removed up into the wilderness. There she thrived and grew. She attended the local high school until she heard of Needham High School, whereupon she crossed the Charles and became one of our number. She has the distinction of having been late one hundred and ninety-nine times each year.

Treasurer, 1908-09.

JEANETTE MARIE BUCKLEY.

"Now trust me 'tis an office of great worth."

Jeanette appeared in chilly February, '92. Needham was there then and has been there ever since. Always calm and collected, she has, nevertheless, found time to acquire an aversion to mathematics. Latin is her favorite food for thought.

First essay. School play, 1909-1910.

LUCIEN WALLACE BURNHAM.

"What fools these mortals be."

"Lucy" was put off at Buffalo some eighteen

years ago. Ever since he came to town, he has been trying to learn as much as possible. He has succeeded so well that he can even baffle his teachers. By the bulge of his brow we can see clearly that his propensity for mathematical deduction has augmented his scintillating reputation to a superlative degree. Besides, he's really seen Niagara Falls. He prophesies that his signature will be valuable some day. To "Tech."

Valedictorian. Hockey team, 1908. School play, 1909-1910. Football team, 1908-1909. ADVOCATE editor, 1909-1910.

ANNIE LOUISA ELDRIDGE.

"O woman, in thine hour of ease,
Uncertaine, coy, and hard to please,
When Paine and anguish rings the browe,
A ministering angele thou!"

Annie floated in, down on the coast of Massachusetts, eighteen years ago last April. She has been promoted every single year since she entered school. Last year was the year before her senior year. This year she will graduate. She has serious intentions of becoming a trained nurse.

GEORGIA CORA FARNHAM.

"She bore a mind which envy could not but call fair."

Not far from where the queenly Hudson flows onward to the sea, Georgia blessed her family seventeen years ago. She has been making things lively ever since, for she has a decided aversion to keeping still during any length of time, although on special occasions she can assume great dignity. Our melodious school piano has had the honor of her undivided attention every Friday morning for over two years. At class parties her dance order is usually full to overflowing with scarcely room for autographs on the back only. On almost all oc-

casions she is the "observed of all observers." She is greatly beloved by her teachers, and by the majority of her fellow students (please notice that the emphasis belongs on the first as well as on the second of these words). Her dramatic abilities are well known at home and abroad, and her interpretation of the rôle of Puck, in the Shakespeare play of last year, brought her deserved fame. She wears her laurels, however, with a becoming grace and humility sufficient to disarm the "bitterest stings of malice."

School play, 1909-1910. ADVOCATE editor, 1906-1908-1910. Secretary, 1908-1909. Secretary and treasurer, 1909-1910.

LORETTA ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

"I urge this childhood's proof

Because what follows is pure innocence."

"L'retta" landed in Needham nineteen years ago last February. She has always lived within sight of the shining waters of the Blacksmith's Pond. In school she pays strict attention, and protests vehemently against being asked to repeat her statements. (We have been requested to say that she knows how to cook, but as yet have received no samples.) "Awrt" is to be her future "studeh."

MARGARET FRANKLIN.

"If music be the food of love, play on."

"Marg" joined the forces about eighteen years ago. Since that time she has distinguished herself as one of our most industrious students. Her motto seems to be, "Get these lessons or bust." She sometimes does her algebra, too. Because of these things, it seems probable that "Marg" is a descendant of the great Benjamin Franklin, of whom a few of us have heard.

MABEL ELOISE JACOBS.

"Far away in the land of cotton,
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom,
Look away! Look away!"

Mabel first wintered in Florida in 1889.

After surviving the Jacksonville fire, she came to Needham for educational purposes, and joined our class last year. She is always good natured and seldom recites without standing up. She hopes to sit in the shade of the palmetto palms again this winter.

ELMER MATHEW JOHNSON.

"What woman is't?"

On February 16, 1890-1, "Kasey" first heard the cows low in the green pastures of Wayland. Since then, however, he has become sophisticated rapidly, until at present he has the only "artistic eye" in the class. The girls were accustomed to rave over his neckties, until one day, when they spied a little blue pin lettered "W '08" on his lapel. Of late, he does his hair pompadour, and it becomes him very well. He will enter Harvard next fall to take up lacrosse and anthropology.

Vice-president, 1909-10. Presentation of the Class Gift.

FREDERICK STILLMAN KINGSBURY.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,

Its loveliness increases, it will never pass
into nothingness."

"In the beauty of the lilies, 'Judge' was born in Dorchester." Some of his "great-greats" lived here in town, and were ministers of the gospel. From these ancestors he inherited his fondness for Needham, but we have yet to see any other evidence of his following in their footsteps. From early childhood he had shown great love for *fowls*, and would cast aside his new automatic toys and devote his attention to a little wooden bird minus a leg, or a tin rooster from which he had chewed all the red paint. Now he is nineteen years old and a senior, but his passion for chickens has never left him. He has attained the high honor of editor in chief of the ADVOCATE, and from this lofty height he looks down upon us poor commoners and condescends to see us occasionally. He has the distinction, also, of being

the tallest person in school and looks it. Harvard for his.

Track team, 1907. Football team, 1909.
Editor in chief of the *ADVOCATE*.

PIERPONT FOLSOM LESDERNIER.

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

"Pinky" brought joy to his parents some eighteen years ago. He claims the distinction of being the only child in the family. He is now a great big boy, the pride and joy of his mother's heart. On one sad day "Pinky" left us, to sail afar o'er the wide, wide sea, on a training ship. But he has returned to our midst, and will be with us on the stage next June. He no longer aspires to be a sailor, but devotes his time to wireless telegraphy.

WHEELER WENDELL MCINTIRE.

"But I think it rather consists of eating and drinking."

"Mc," our human whirlwind, blew in nineteen years this June. He attended the Avery school, and joined us in the sophomore year. He became our bicycle "champ," practicing every morning and afternoon between here and the Falls. He is very emphatic in his statement that his happiest vacation was spent in the Catskills, looking for the ten pins and the mystic bowlers. Technology will soon contain him.

Football team, 1909.

MILDRED CATHERINE RAMEY.

"A course of learning and ingenious studies."

Mildred's family was noticed by the stork in 1891. (We have a haunting suspicion that this is a mistake in geography, since storks don't grow in Nova Scotia.) She has decided views upon many subjects, especially United States history, in which she excels. She has not decided upon her future career as yet.

Salutatory.

EVA MAE RIVARD.

"Her voice was ever soft and low,
An excellent thing in woman."

"Eva" commenced to move in February, 1891. From Cambridge she went to Chicago, only to start after a short rest for Racine. When Racine grew cold and chilly she betook herself to Melrose. But Melrose wouldn't do, so she departed thence, and took up her residence in Wellington. Wellington failed to satisfy her and soon after Newton Highlands became the country seat. Even exclusive Newton became dull and gloomy, so she moved to Dedham. Exhausted by this time, she barely recovered sufficiently, after a year's rest, to urge her weary footsteps three miles to Needham. No. She didn't again, she's here yet. She took the commercial course and will travel to Philadelphia to attend the "Manston School."

MARGARET HELEN ROPER.

"She has spied him already with those sweet eyes."

The clear blue skies of October, 1890, witnessed the arrival of our lone Needham Heights representative. She came to us like the goldenrod in autumn, but, unlike, she remained. For she proudly boasts of having missed but one session of school in all four years. She has occupied her spare moments in learning shorthand, but is very bashful about her future, and blushing tells us that she "'as 'opes."

EVELYN MARGARET SADLER.

"Hold thy peace, and I prithee hold thy peace."

Miss Sadler increased the world's population nineteen years ago. She has been and is still one of our number. Great argumentative powers, aided by a growing vocabulary, have made her quite *talkative*. She will graduate according to the usual custom. Another nurse!

Class prophet. Secretary and treasurer, 1907-'08. *ADVOCATE* editor, 1910.

WELTON AMES SNOW.

"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo — he — ho — et cetera."

"Welt" sauntered in nineteen years ago. Ever since he was a freshy he has been our best proverb and axiom delineator. Aside from this, his greatest asset has been his ability to produce a recitation out of empty air. He seldom spends his Sunday evenings at home, but in cases of dire necessity may be found without much trouble. He received some good business experience this year in extracting advertisements for the back pages of this volume. ("Patronize Our Advertisers.") He is a promising carpenter, having constructed a couple of henhouses, a parlor table, and a footstool. In view of this fact he intends to study architecture at "Tech."

President, 1906-'07. Vice-president, 1907-'08. President, 1909-'10. Business manager of the ADVOCATE. President of the Athletic Association.

RUTH WALKER.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven."

Ruth landed in '91. She attended the Kimball School until time to enter High. Then she became at once our strongest moralist, and the representative of the class at all the church suppers. She also has served upon several refreshment committees, and "still lives to tell the tale." She will enter the "Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital." Yet another nurse.

Address to the undergraduates.

CLASS NOTES

1910

"MERITO ASCENDI"

President WELTON AMES SNOW
Vice-President ELMER MATTHEW JOHNSON
Secretary and Treasurer
GEORGIA CORA FARNHAM

How big we did feel that first Tuesday in Room 3!

Soon after the opening day, while our collars were still fresh and attractive, some promiscuous, insignificant junior appeared with designs on our mirror. Did that junior steal our mirror? Well, we should say not. We, in a body, advanced, captured the mirror, and securely tied it in its proper position at OUR end of the hall. Moral: Don't tread on the senior's toes unless you wish to die an untimely death.

"I love my marcelle, but oh, you turban."

The senior class was powerfully represented on the football team this year. The man with

the biggest head, the man with the biggest feet, and "Dutch" and "Mc" all played.

Heath's dictionaries are generally in demand in our room. We all take ours home and are too weak to bring them back. Why not provide some pocket copies?

October 18. Burnham fell down stairs.

Zzzzkrrrswash!!! What was that? Was that T. F. H. shaking down the furnace, or was it the ghost of the motor generator? Nope, it was only the bell in Room 3.

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Helene Adele Howe,
Nettie Rachel Walkup.
Ralph Starkweather,
Edmund Randolph Burke (?)
George Washington (his bust).

When we gaze upon the beautiful bas-relief which graces our walls, our hearts go out in gratitude to the donors. One thing, however, disturbs us. Is the inscription upon it supposed to indicate that it was presented by the class of 1909? If so, why not state this momentous fact? To a stranger this bas-relief might appear to be a representation of the class of 1907 in action.

“Has anybody here seen Freddeh,
Freddeh with the girl’s necktie?”

We are highly honored in having for our Science teacher the noted “debatist” on Woman Suffrage. Mr. M. began his anti-suffrage career at the Congregational Church, on October 14, 1909. Although his side was defeated, we nevertheless predict a very bright future ahead of him in this direction.

December 14. Burnham fell upstairs.

Two gentlemen of our class attended several of Wellesley’s football games during the fall. Significant coincidence: Dana Hall played basket ball each afternoon.

We like to go calling, but — who said “committee meeting”?

And then came the party; that is, number one. Who says we didn’t “have it on” those ordinary juniors?

Senior.—“Merry Christmas!”

Senior dame.—“No! I’ll never marry any one. I’m goin’ to be a bachelor girl.”

Let the juniors say the football team’s sleigh ride wasn’t a success,—if they want to.

[On January 21st several of our members attended a dance at the Dover Town Hall. Incidentally, “All feet” and “All Head” got mixed up with the janitor. Nothing

serious resulted, however, and “Head” and “Feet” both attended school as usual on Monday.

Charlie Paine used to be senior. That’s why the skating party at Dover was such a success.

Vacation a la smallpox. (Wednesday March 16th to Monday, April 2d.) The class extends its grateful appreciation to “Dutch” Allen, and expresses its regrets at his being unable to enjoy this pleasant period.

First senior.—“Did yours take?”

Second senior.—“Naw. Slap it if yer want to.”

Third senior.—“Ow, don’t talk so loud; it jars my arm.”

It *must* have been all a bluff. No one will even believe, after this, that Allen called on West Street at all.

Bulletins issued by the assembled M. D.’s, March 17, attending on the Chestnut Street case.

6.00 A.M. Patient delirious. Keeps calling, “Kasey, give me Needham 191-2.” (“Cop” resting comfortably.)

8.00 A.M. Takes slight nourishment. (Also Cop.) (Not the same kind.)

10.00 A.M. Decided symptoms of measles. (Decided symptoms of ennui for Cop.)

12.00 M. Decided symptoms of chickenpox. (More ennui for Cop.)

2.00 P.M. Decided symptoms of spring fever, from eating sulphur and molasses. (Cop sinking rapidly.)

4.00 P.M. Smallpox.

6.00 P.M. Eats fudge from Dover.

8.00 P.M. Restless.

10.00 P.M. Delirious. Raves about graveyard.

Mystery on the high school steps!

“Who stole the ice cream?”

Mr. M— had just drawn an elaborate diagram of a beam of light being reflected by a mirror. “Now, Miss B.,” he said, pointing to one angle, “what angle is this?” “Evy” was prompted from behind, and answered boldly that it was the angle of incidence. “Correct,” said the professor. “Now,” indicating the angle of reflection, “which angle is this?” “Evy” was dubious. There was more prompting from the rear and “Evy” calmly informed him that it was the angle of coincidence.

Much trepidation centered about the initial trip of the class to Boston to have its picture taken. Everything went smoothly, however, with but one exception. Messrs. Lesdernier and McIntire became so interested in a distant wireless telegraph station, to be seen from the studio window, that they neglected to depart homeward with the others. It was hours before they communicated with their anxious relatives and both still maintain a discreet silence in regard to their adventure.

That those “ping-pongs” were “speaking likenesses” no one will deny. Speak is a feeble word.

The Class of 1910 has thoroughly enjoyed itself during its four years of high school existence. It fully realizes how much it will be missed, and hastens to apologize for any thoughtless absence of grief among the underclassmen at its departure.

Class of 1911

“*Esse quam videre*”

(Literal translation, “Things are not what they seem.”)

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MISS MILDRED CHANDLER	
	<i>Vice President and Secretary</i>
MISS JEANETTE ROPER	<i>Treasurer</i>

Miss Th—m—s—n with remarkable ingenuity manages to dress her hair differently each day. This variety is productive of much admiration, for here we have an unfailing index to the day of the week. Hints: Monday, a little more to the left with a few stray wisps, were better. Tuesday, not so far forward. Wednesday, pour a little water on the ribbon, it's too acrobatically balanced. Thursday, we have no criticism to offer her save that lower three, second deck, No. 7, should be brushed back across the right temple. Friday, Con Spirito: P.P. Crescendo; P.P: Dim. <—> Triste.

Could McD., our geometrical shark, tell us just how far it is from his home to the last bell?

The Dover Sextet have a pleasant variety of ways of entering the class room immediately after devotional exercises. Of course this delay is not intentional on their part, but the fault of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R.R., so we extend our heartfelt sympathy to them and beg them not to mourn.

M—llo knows how to plan his time so as to arrive at the door while the bell is ringing. It is too bad to call such a painstaking person late.

We sincerely regret the departure of Miss E. L. Freeman, who was an esteemed member of the class.

J. Minimus, our esteemed humorist, sometimes obliterates himself under his words. If a person can see a joke, 'tis well, but if said joke be opaque 'tis well also, for our class laugh anyway.

Speaking of large words calls to our mind one of our classmates whose egregious propensity towards the manumission of equivocally comprehended vocables in class marks an epoch in the propagation of adroit ambiguity. We wonder now —.

Cr—s—m—'s successful introduction of a glass picture knob as a scarfpin merited the success it received. His attempts were mostly failures, pathetically so in the instance of the belt. He acquired, found, gained, or otherwise came into possession of a genuine feminine cestus, which he tried to introduce about his classic waist. ' Ultimately the "*waist*" basket received it. We regret that pun, and promise never "unt effer unt effer" no more.

We note with sadness that McA. and H—m—l—t—n have ceased wending the way of the track each recess. We wonder why!

Does P—i—ne practice opening and closing windows in the "wee sma' hours o' day?" He must have been brought up in a barn, or possibly he is a fresh air maniac. Ah, we have it. He was a junior last year.

The universal-interclastic-twenty-five-minute-past-twelve-all-join-in-and-let-her-rip-sneeze was a success.

Since we entered school many have left our class. During the last year five members dropped out; the year before twice as many. We still hope to have a large class at graduation, but the falling off is very noticeable and to be regretted.

Lines written during the fifth period on the teacher's refusing to allow the window to be opened.

I sigh,
 And die,
 But by and by
 My heart's blood will be lost;
 For she
 To me
 Shows cruelty,
 And keeps me from the frosty air.
 'Tis there
 The sky is fair,

But I'll be gay na mair;
 If thus
 I must
 Return to dust,
 Without a breath of air.

Our sleigh ride was a success. Ah, yes! 'twas such indeed! You just ask Cr—s—m—n or S—t—o—d—or the P. G.

We were much astonished one cold winter's night to behold on a town road a snowshoeing sight. An amateur leader, with long, restful stride, and a flock of likewise restful girls at her side, and would you believe it (you'll never say yes), in the midst of that feminine army strode S—t—n—od. Later, when we have somewhat recovered our equilibrium we unhesitatingly say, yes, it is quite believable.

If you have read the senior notes, which we hope you have, don't let anything they are saying about us cause you sorrow, for — sh — sh — an' you promise to keep't silent — honest, they are only seniors. Besides ye know they're goin' t' gradjerate sooen an — y' know that's th' way they try t' hide their grief. Sh — sshh — we — gulp — sob — we — sob, gulp — so — s—s—sorry, huh — um—m—m — Honest —ssh.

One morning we almost thought we had a new spring poet, for D—nn came into the room with a roll of white manuscript two by three feet in dimensions. Now we were surprised, for D—nn is not usually poetical, and we felt, therefore, an ardent desire to con the masterpiece. He handed it to us. We looked at it anxiously. Was it — was it — ah — was it —. We opened it a few inches. Nothing. A little further. Pencil marks. A little further. F. B. D. Algebra, says the M. S. Alas! alas! ALAS!!

On the 4th of November the Junior Class held their "first" party and "dawnce." From the refreshment point of view 'twas a success;

from the point of enjoyment it was — also a success. A pleasant evening was spent in playing games and “dawncing,” and at a few minutes past eleven the pageant became a thing of such stuff as dreams are made on. However, a few of us are still able to remember “the morning awfter,” and mayhap those residents in the immediate vicinity of the high school recall a strange procession of youth, plates, spoons, towels, punch bowl, and some most felicitous, delightful, sweet, toothsome cakes of ice cream.

IN MEMORIAM
HAROLD HUTCHINS

Class of 1911
1894-1909

A genuine scholar and a friend to us all.

1912

MOTTO

“Noch-nicht aber bald.”

CLASS ORGANIZATION

President	CLINTON WOODWARD
Vice-President	MISS FLORENCE GORSE
Secretary and Treasurer	ENOCH DAWSON

PROLOGUE

The Sophomore Class is certainly notable, for there is *absolutely nothing* about it to write notes upon. Every time I think of the dull, droning roomful of slumberers, who try to call themselves Sophomores, I am sorely stricken at heart. O! Father Adam! That you should be the progenitor of such a class. O! Great Cæsar! That you should allow such a (bunch) mess of *mon scientas* to pass you.

Here endeth the prologue.

On September 9, 1909, the Class of 1912 opened with a “full house of queens and jacks,” e.g., Miss Florence B. Cambridge and Edgar C. Kester. Miss Weise was the room teacher, “poor thing.” But the class did its

best to amuse her, inviting her to all the class dances and sleigh rides, and even to the privacy of the class meetings. This continuous swirl of social life, however, has not fatigued her in the least.

The class soon fell in to the daily grind, and before long the following motto was established, unofficially, in the Cæsar class:

“KEEP YOUR PONY TROTTING”

This motto has been religiously lived up to.

Late in January the class decided to have a sleigh ride. There has not been any snow yet.

About the same time M C—mbr—dg began her startling ascent as a soprano soloist. Everybody should hear her sing, “Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?” It’s delicious.

The class was well represented on the football field by furnishing a halfback, quarterback, and two ends. We take the advantage to charge aforesaid end with the attempted murder of Brown and Nichols’s great four hundred weight fullback.

Somebody evidently had a very *flat* purse when they forced the Sophomores to reduce the “tax” from *five* cents a month to *ten* cents a term. Moral:

“Don’t judge others by yourself.”

“A nickel saved is a penny earned.”

Elegy written in a Sophomore classroom.

The clock in drowsy movement ticks its lay,
The pupils sleep in peaceful extasy,
While Learning onward takes her lifeless way,
And leaves the room to Pallas and to me.

IN MEMORIAM
FLORA MATILDA JOHNSON
Class of 1912

Born September 6, 1892

Died February 28, 1910

1913

ORGANIZATION

President	FRANK W. TAYLOR
Vice-President	ELIZABETH ROPER
Treasurer	THOMAS E. LEONARD
Secretary	BYRON C. BROWN

On September 7, a date that should and will go down in history, fifty-six students who the preceding June had received graduation certificates from the already famous institutions, the Kimball and Avery grammar schools, were wending their way slowly and thoughtfully down Highland Avenue toward the High School. They entered the portals of that renowned building, and were struck with awe at the stately and pompous bearing of the seniors, who were promenading the lower corridor. With what feelings of mixed envy and contempt did they gaze upon them as they huddled in the corner!

The Latin divisions were soon ensconced in Room IV, under the supervision of Miss Munro, while the commercial division crept into Room IV, with Miss Eastman as teacher. By the end of the first week things were in full blast. F—and a few others were already trying to “run the place.” At the end of the third week many of our number had experienced “The Office.”

The football team “welcomed” or received our “huskies,” two of whom played in the Wellesley game.

Our brains soon began to work, and lo! what were the results. Miniature aeroplanes would suddenly dart out from one side of the

room and glide noiselessly across the empty space. Our teacher of mathematics, finally, after weeks of perseverance, discouraged the making of them by demolishing all that came within his reach.

In January the class held two meetings, the outcome of which were the election of officers and the sleigh ride. The former speaks for itself, but we will deal with the latter now.

It was a Thursday evening in January, a clear sparkling night. The class left Needham in the “Laplander,” and rode through the Newtons. A most outrageous robbery was committed at a drug store about nine P.M. Most of the salt cellars and “silver” spoons were taken. One knight errant fired a revolver, and then some one else blew a horn. The proprietor at once suspected the sleighing party. We will not tell in public whether his suspicions were correct or not. Ask B—v, Cr—ssm—n, and B—I M—rt—n if they had a good time. The ride was a most decided success. Miss M. fell asleep, Miss L. was busy directing the driver, Miss E. was near sighted, and Mr. M. sat at the wrong end of the pung.

Being distantly related to the senior smallpox case, Miss R—p—r was in some danger of contracting the disease. We are glad to say she did not, strangely enough.

Fourteen of our esteemed number have faltered at the office door. Wait until 1914 see it. They will wilt.

“Shall we rouse the night owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one Wearer?” says Sir Toby. Could it be that he meant to draw three confessions to the throwing of one piece of chalk?





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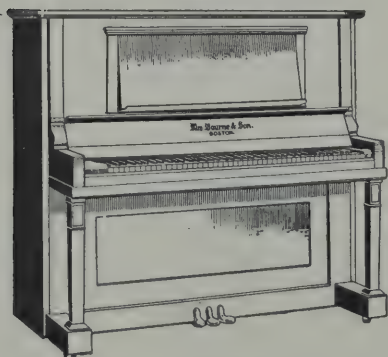
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